THE TRAVELS OF *ULYSSES*;

Wherein is Related

How he got from the *Ciconians* and *Lotophagians*, where his men eat Forgetfulneſs. Coming to the Land of the *Cyclops*, *Polyphemus* eat ſix of his men. Having with difficulty got from him, *Æolus* gave him a Wind ty'd in a Leather ſack. How *Circe* turn'd his men to Boars; and how the *Leſtrigon* Giants eat his men like Fiſhes. Alſo what converſe he had with the Ghoſts in Hell; and at his return, how *Scylla* eat ſix of his men at one mouthful. How he eſcaped the Charming *Syrens*; and falling on the *Suns Iſle*, the dreadful effects of it, *&c.* With many other Paſſages, ſtrange and wonderful.

Tranſlated out of Greek
By Mr. *Hobbes* of *Malmsbury*,
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68
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The Travels of *Ulysses.*

The end of the Eighth Book of *Homer*'s *Odysses*; to which *Ulysses* answereth in the four Books following.

WEll, tell me now what Lands you wandring saw,
What Nations, and what Cities you came to;
What kind of People, civil, or without Law,
Cruel or kinde to strangers, godly or no.
When you heard sung the woful fate of Troy,
Why did you weep? the Gods that built the Town
Decreed thereat much people to destroy,
And that their Fate should be sung up and down.
Lost you some Kinsman there, or near Alley,
Which might in time of danger you bestead,
Or some good friend? a wise friend standing by,
Is worth a Kinsman in a time of need.

TO this *Ulysses* said, Renowned King
Alcinous, methinks delightful 'tis
To sit as we do here, and hear one sing,
And specially so good a Voice as this.
I, for my part, do never more rejoyce,
Then when I see men sitting at their meat
Chearful, and listening to a pleasant voice,
And see the Cups go often, and retreat.
This is a thing that I love best; but you
Had rather hear the dangers I have past,
Which fright me yet, and do my pain renew.
But which shall I tell first? which next? which last?
For they be many. First my name I'le tell,
And place, that whensoe're you thither come
You may there lodge, although far off I dwell,
And am uncertain of my getting home.
I am *Ulysses Laertiades*,
And far and wide I am reputed wise
'Mongst men that love subtil conveyances,
And known I am by Fame up to the Skies.
My place is *Ithaca*, in which is store
Of Woell. Mount *Neriten* is cloath'd with wood;

Lib. 9 A goodly Hill, and many Islands more
Lye close about it, yeelding store of food.
Dulichium, *Same*, and the wooddy *Zant*,
On th' East of *Ithaca* are scituate.
Another Island, which is called *Ant*,
Lies Westward of it, but is low and flat.
Rocky is *Ithaca*, and uneven ground;
But breedeth able men. Nor have I known
The man that to his own minde ever found
A Country that was better then his own.
From mine *Calypso* kept me in a Cave
T' have been her Husband; so did *Circe* too:
But neither of them my consent could have,
So much could love of my own Country do.
For though far off I might have better Land,
Yet should I from my Kindred absent live.
But now 'tis time to let you understand
What passage to me *Jove* was pleas'd to give.
From *Troy* to *Ismarus* we first were blown
Within an Isle, *Cicons* the Natives are;
And soon we plundered and burnt the Town,
And of the Plunder each man had his share.

The Wives we priſoners made, and to the Sword
We put the men: And then without delay
I did command them all to go aboard;
But they, Fools as they were, would not obey:
For they to kill, eat, drink, themſelves apply,
Beeves, ſheep & wine, which they had on the beach.
Cicons mean while to *Cicons* ſo loud cry,
That to the Continent their voices reach.
And preſently came others, numberleſs
As leaves in Summer; ſtout, and men of skill,
To fight on Horſeback with much readineſs,
Or elſe on foot, according as they will.
Jove had decreed us miſchief, and the hour
Was come: And juſt before our Ships we fought;
Spears were our Weapons, which with all our Power
We lanced on both ſides with courage ſtout.
Whilſt the Sun mounted we reſiſted well,
But after Noon they preſſed us ſo ſore,
That with the falling Sun our courage fell;
And then in haſte we thruſt our Ships from ſhore.
From out of every Ship ſix men we loſt:
And then with heavy hearts our Sails we hoiſe,

And grieved for our Fellows left the Coaſt ;
But firſt to ev'ry of them called thrice
Whom ſlain by th' Enemy we left behinde.
Then *Jove* with Clouds both Land and Water vails,
And night came on us with a furious winde
From the North-part of Heav'n, and tore our Sails
Ith ree's and four's, and all our Ships were toſt
Hither and thither, ſide-ways with the blaſts,
And one anothers way hindred and croſt.
Then took we in our Sails, and down our Maſts,
For fear of death, and laid them on the Decks,
And with our Oars rowed our Ships to Land ;
Two nights and days we ſtay'd, while grief did vex
Each minde, and labour tyred had each hand.
But when the Morn had led forth the third day,
We then ſet ſail,and left their courſe to th' winde;
The which (we ſitting ſtill) did them convey
According as the Steers-men had deſign'd.
And I had ſafely come to *Ithaca*,
Had not the North-winde with the tide o'th' Sea,
When I was come to th' Cape of *Malea*,
Forc'd us without the Iſle of *Cytheré*.

The horrid Windes now found me on the Main,
And toſs'd me into one anothers hand:
Nine days together I endur'd this pain,
Upon the tenth they caſt me on a Land
Where dwell a People call'd *Lotophagi*,
That have and live upon a fruit full ſweet
I'th' Continent. We went aſhore; there I
Made them take in freſh water for the Fleet.
Then having quickly ſup'd, I choſe out two
Of my Companions to go and ſee
What men they were; with them I ſent alſo
A third, who went as Meſſenger from me.
They quickly went; but mingled with thoſe men
Who meant no harm, but gave them *Lote* to eat,
Which made them hate returning back agen,
And ſuddenly their Country to forget:
And with the people there reſolv'd to ſtay,
Forgetting home for love of *Lote*. But I
Sent thoſe that quickly fetched them away
By force, and under hatches did them tye.
The reſt I bad unto their Ships to haſte,
Leſt eating *Lote* they ſhould return no more.

Aboard

Aboard they quickly come, and each one plac't
In order, beats the grey Sea with his Oar.
Then to the Land of *Cyclopſes* we row,
Men proud and lawleſs, that relye for food
Upon the Sky, and neither plant nor plow;
Yet have they Barley, Wheat, Wine very good,
Unplow'd, unſown, fetch'd up by ſhow'rs of Rain.
They have no Courts of Councel, nor of Right.
On huge high hills themſelves they entertain,
And in their rocky bellies paſs the night.
Each man gives Law to his own Wife and Brood.
Nor do they much for one another care.
Before the Port an Iſle lies clad with wood,
Not very near, nor from it very far.
Wilde goats in great abundance were therein:
For why, there dwel'd no men that might them kill,
Nor wretched Hunters ever enter in,
To tire themſelves running from hill to hill.
For the good Ship with the Vermilion Cheeks
The *Cyclopſes* have not, nor Art to make
All that is needful for a man that ſeeks
Trade, and to paſs the Seas muſt undertake.

The Iſland elſe they quickly might adorn.
The Land is good ; to th' Sea ſweet Meadows lye,
And plentifully would yield Wine and Corn,
If it were helped with good Husbandry.
Anchors and Cables in the Port needs none,
Nor any Rope to tye the Ship to Land ;
And when the Maſter thinks fit to be gone,
With the firſt Winde they take the Oar in hand.
Within the entrance riſeth a ſweet Spring
From out a Cave, ſhaded with *Poplars* tall ;
Thither to ſhore our Ships we ſafely bring.
Some God was Guide. Nothing we ſaw at all.
Dark night it was, and nothing to be ſeen ;
The Air about us thick, and from the Sky
The Moon could not ſhine through the Clouds be-
Nor Waves, nor Iſle appear'd to any eye. (tween,
Then took we in our Sails, and went to Land,
And waited for the coming of the day,
And in the mean time ſlumbered on the Sand :
But when we ſaw appear the morning gay,
Admiring th' Iſle, we walked to and fro,
Whilſt the Nymphs (ſprung from *Jove Ægiochus*)
Refreſh-

Refreſhment on my Souldiers to beſtow,
Down from the Mountain brought the Goats to us.
And preſently from out our Ships we take
Our Bows and Arrows keen, and came away,
And of our Company three Troops we make;
Then ſhooting, ſoon we had a lovely prey.
Our Ships were twelve, to which they equally
Divide the Spoil; for every Ship had nine,
Save only mine had ten: Then merrily
All day we ſit and feaſt on Fleſh and Wine.
For we had Wine enough as yet unſpent,
Of that we got and brought away with us,
Which ev'ry man had into Budgets pent,
Then when we took the Town of *Iſmarus*.
Cloſe by we ſaw the Land of *Cyclopſes*,
And ſmoke, & heard the voice o'th' men, & Sheep
And Goats. 'Twas night, and on the Sand o'th' Sea
Our ſelves till morning we refreſht with ſleep.
But when the Roſie morning 'gan t' appear,
My Fellows I together call'd, and ſpake:
You, my Companions, by the Ships ſtay here;
I with my Ship and Crew will undertake

A tryal of this people, whether wilde,
And proud, and inſolent their nature be,
Or whether they be men of nature milde,
Godly, and loving hoſpitality.
This ſaid, I went aboard, and bad my Crew
Imbarque themſelves. Aboard they quickly come,
And ſitting each man in his order due,
With ſtroak of Oar they make the grey Sea foam.
Arriv'd, we of a Cavern ſaw the door,
Both high and wide, and ſheep and goats there lay
Abundance ſleeping. It was ſhaded o're
With boughs that downward grew of Lawrel gay.
Before it was a Court well fenc'd with ſtone
And luſty Oaks, and many a Pine-Tree high.
I'th' Cave a Gyant lodg'd, who us'd alone
His ſheep to feed, no other *Cyclops* nigh.
It was a huge and ugly Monſter, and
Lookt not unlike a rocky mountains head
That does 'mongſt other hills aſunder ſtand,
With a great Perriwig of Trees o'reſpread.
Then bad I my Companions to ſtay
And guard the Ship, ſave that by lot a dozen

I took of them along with me, and they,
By chance, were the ſame men I would have choſen.
With me I took a Goatskin full of Wine,
Pleaſant and ſtrong, by *Maron* given me,
Evanthes Son, Prieſt to *Phœbus* Divine,
At *Iſmarus*, to ſave his Family,
Fearing the God in whoſe Grove he did live.
For which ſev'n Talents of pure beaten gold,
And a large Silver Bowl he did me give
Freely, beſides twelve Budgets of Wine, old,
Pure, pleaſant, precious drink it was, which none
Knew of beſides himſelf, his Wife and Maid;
Of the men-ſervants that he kept, not one.
Which when he drank, he uſually allay'd
With water pure, full twenty times as much.
And when a man ſo temper'd had his Cup,
Yet ſtill the fragrant ſmell thereof was ſuch,
He hardly could forbear to drink it up.
This Goatskin I took with me in a Caſe,
Expecting of ſome great and gaſtly man,
That knew nor Law, nor Right, to ſee the face;
And landing, quickly to the Den we ran.

We entred in, but did not finde him there ;
But gaze we did at ev'ry thing with wonder :
Shelves full of Cheese as much as they could bear,
Pens full of Sheep and Goats, each sort asunder,
Old, younger, young'st ; all Vessels to the brim,
Pans, Trays, and Milking-Pales were full of Whey.
My men desir'd me not to stay for him,
But make what haste I could to get away,
And take some of his Cheeses from the shelves,
And sheep from out the Pens, and then to go,
And setting up our Sails to save our selves.
But I would not, though 't had been better so.
But I desir'd to see the man, and try
If from him some good gift I might obtain ;
But they with fear were ready for to die,
And could not think upon him but with pain.
Then kindled we a fire, and kill'd and fed
On Flesh and Cheese, and for his coming staid.
He came, and a great burthen carried
Of wither'd Boughs, which at the door he laid.
His Supper with this Wood he meant to dress,
And threw it down with such a hideous noise,

As

As frighted us to th' innermoſt receſs
O'th' Cave; there lay we, and ſuppreſt our voice.
Into the Cave he comes, he and his Flock,
All that was milch; the Males he left without,
Rams and He-goats, and the door with a Rock
Stops up, which two & twenty Carts ſcarce mought
Bear above ground, and then to milking fell;
But firſt he ſets unto each Ewe her Lamb,
In order due, to ſee them ſuckled well,
And each young Goat he puts unto her Dam.
Half of the Milk he turn'd to Curds, and put
Them into Wicker-Baskets to ſet up:
The other half he into Tankards put,
For drink to ſerve him when he was to ſup.
When he had ended all his buſineſs,
He made a fire, and thereby ſpy'd us out.
What are you, ſays he, whence d'ye croſs the Seas?
Is it on buſineſs, or d' ye rove about
As Pyrats walk at Sea, to and agen,
And are content to ſet their lives at ſtake,
So they may miſchief do to other men?
Our hearts diſmay'd before, this language brake.

We fear'd his hollow voice, and body great;
But yet I made him anſwer, and ſaid thus:
We are *Achæans*, making our retreat
Homewards from *Troy*, but Windes have forced us
Upon this Coaſt (for *Jove* would have it ſo.)
We are a part of *Agamemnons* Bands,
Whoſe glory for his ſacking *Troy*, is now
Renown'd both far and wide throughout all Lands.
And now our ſelves we proſtrate at your feet,
Hoping for ſome good thing as Viſitants;
Such as all men have commonly thought meet;
Or for the Gods ſake, as to Suppliants.
As Suppliants we before you here do lye,
With whom, and ſtrangers, *Jove* ſtill goes along.
He is the God of Hoſpitality,
To puniſh whoſoever does them wrong.
Thus I. But he replyed with fell intent,
Stranger, thou art a fool, or com'ſt from far,
That counſel'ſt me to fear the puniſhment
Of *Jove*, or for the bleſſed Gods to care.
The *Cyclopſes* care not at all for *Jove*
Agiochus, or any other Gods.

For why, we ſtronger are then thoſe above ;
And if we ſtrength compare, we have the odds.
No, no. 'Tis not the fear of *Jupiter*
Can me from thee, or theſe with thee reſtrain,
Unleſs I pleaſe. But tell me truly where
The Ship that brought you rides, and do not fain.
This was to ſound me. But I ſaw his minde,
And a deceitful anſwer did intend.
My Ship was wreckt by *Neptune*, and by winde
Thrown 'gainſt the rocks, at the Lands furtheſt end,
Where all beſides my ſelf and theſe were drown'd.
To this he anſwer'd nothing, nor ſaid more ;
But ſnatching up a couple from the ground,
Knocks out their brains, like whelps againſt the floor.
Then cuts them into joynts, and on them fed :
Nor did he fleſh, or bone, or entrails leave,
Like hungry Lyon on the Mountains bred.
Then weep we, and to *Jove* our hands up heave
To ſee ſuch work, and have no remedy.
When he with humane fleſh his belly deep
Had fill'd, and drunk the milk that ſtood him by,
He laid himſelf along amongſt his ſheep,

And ſlept. And then I ſaw I might him ſlay :
'Twas but to draw my good Sword from my ſide,
And gently on his breſt my hand to lay,
And to the hilts the Sword in's body hide.
Upon new thoughts that purpoſe I gave o're ;
For certainly it had deſtroy'd us quite :
So great the ſtone was that lay on the door,
That to remove it was paſt all our might.
So there we ſighing ſtaid for day : and when
The Roſie-finger'd morning did appear,
He made a fire, and milkt his Flock agen,
And the young Kids and Lambs new ſuckled were.
When all his work was at an end, and paſt,
Two more of my Companions he takes,
And on thoſe two he quickly breaks his faſt,
And for his Flock the way he open makes.
For eaſily he took the ſtone away,
And then again with no leſs eaſe he did
Set up the ſame, and in its right place lay,
Then of a Quiver one would do the Lid.
His Flock with noiſe he drives up to the hills,
And in the Den leaves us to meditate

How

How to revenge (with *Phœbus* help) our ills.
At laſt within my breſt this counſel ſate.
Near one o'th' Pens there lay an Olive-Tree,
Straight, and the boughs cut off, which when 'twas (dry'd,
Deſigned was a Walking-ſtaff to be
Of the Great *Cyclops*; which when we eſpy'd,
Of ſome good Ship we thought might be the Maſt,
Or of a Bark of twenty Oars or more,
That *Neptunes* rugged waters might have paſt
With a great burthen ſafe from ſhore to ſhore.
Of this a fathom I cut off, and gave it
To my Companions to taper it:
They ſmooth'd and taper'd it as I would have it;
I ſharp'nd it at point as I thought fit.
Then in the fire the ſame I hardned well,
And laid it by with Dung all cover'd o're,
Which in the Cave from ſo much Cattle fell;
For ſheep and goats there always were good ſtore.
From all my Company, who did not fear
To help me thruſt this Bar into his eye,
I took out four by lot, and ſuch they were
As I my ſelf did wiſh; the fifth was I.

At Ev'ning he returneth with his ſheep,
Into the hollow Cave he brings them all:
Without, he neither ſheep nor goat did keep,
By Preſage, or upon ſome Heav'nly Call.
Then with the ſtone the Caves mouth up he dams,
And milks his ſhe-goats and his Ews each one;
And ſuckles all his young Kids, and his Lambs.
But after he his work had fully done.
Another couple of my men he took.
Then having in my hand an Ivy Kan
Of good black Wine, I thus unto him ſpoke:
Cyclops, ſince you have eaten fleſh of man,
Here, drink this good black Wine upon't, and ſee
What excellent good drink we had aboard,
Whereof I've hither brought a taſte to thee,
Hoping you will ſome kindneſs me afford,
And ſome aſſiſtance in our Voyage home.
But ſo intolerably furious
You are, that no man will dare near you come,
Knowing how cruel you have been to us.
When I had ſaid, the good Wine he drank up;
And was extremely pleaſed with the ſame:

And ſtraightway callin g for another Cup,
Tell me (quoth he) right now what is thy name ;
And I will give thee that ſhall pleaſe thy heart.
We *Cyclopſes* have Vines that yield good Wine,
Which from the Earth by Rain from Heaven ſtart :
But this ſome branch of *Nectar* is divine.
When he had ſaid, I gave him Wine again.
Three times I fill'd the Kan, and he as oft
Drank't off. But when it came up to his brain,
Then ſpake I to him gentle words and ſoft.
Cyclops, ſince you my name deſire to know,
I'le tell it you, and on your word relye.
My name is *NOMAN* ; all men call me ſo,
My Father, Mother, and my Company.
To which he ſoon and ſadly made reply,
NOMAN I'le eat you laſt, none ſhall out live you
Of all that here are of your company ;
And that's the gift I promiſed to give you.
And having ſaid, he laid himſelf along
With bended neck, ſleeping and vomiting
Gobbets of Humane Fleſh, and Wine among,
All he before had eaten uttering.

The Bar with Embers then I covered,
Till (green as 'twas) with heat I made it ſhine;
And with few words my men encouraged,
Leſt any ſhould have ſhrunk from the deſigne.
The Bar now hot, and ready to flame out,
And (though green wood) yet glowing mightily,
To him my Fellows carried, now ſtout,
And ſet the point thereof upon his eye.
But I my ſelf erecting with my hand,
Twirled the Bar about, with motion nimble,
As Joyners with a ſtring below do ſtand,
To give a piercing motion with a wimble.
So whilſt the Brand was entring, I it turn'd.
The blood that down along it ran was hot;
And with his Eye the Lids and Brows were burn'd,
And all his Eye-ſtrings with the fire did ſtrut.
As when a Smith hath heat his Axe or Spade,
And quickly quenches it while hot it is,
To harden it, it makes a noiſe; ſo made
His great moiſt Eye the glowing Brand to hiſs.
He roared ſo as made the Rocks reſound,
And from his Eye he pull'd with both his hands

The burning Brand, and threw it to the ground ;
And ſo a while he there amazed ſtands.
And thence for more *cyclopſes* calls ; and they
(Who dwelt about in every hollow Cave)
Came in, ſome one, and ſome another way ;
And from without the Den ask'd what he'd have.
What ails thee *Polyphemus* ſo to cry
In dead of night, and make us break our ſleep ?
Goes any one about to make thee die,
By force or fraud, or ſteal away thy ſheep ?
Then *Polyphemus* anſwered from his Cave,
Friends, *NOMAN* killeth me. Why then, ſaid they,
We have no power from ſickneſs you to ſave ;
You muſt unto your Father *Neptune* pray.
This ſaid, they parted each one to his own
Dark Cavern : Then within my ſelf I laught
To think how with my Name the Mighty Clown
I ſo deceived had, and guli'd by craft.
The *Cyclops* for the ſtone now groap'd about,
Found it, and threw it down, though pained ſore ;
Thinking to catch us at our coming out,
Sitting with Arms extended in the door.

Such

Such fools he thought us : but I formerly
Had thought upon the courſe I was to take ;
And all my cunning, and my Art to try,
Since no leſs then our lives was now at ſtake,
This counſel 'twas that in my breſt then ſat ;
Male-ſheep there were within the Cave well fed,
Fair, big, and deeply clad in wooll and fat,
And theſe, with twigs ta'ne from *Cyclops* his bed,
I bound together three and three ; each three
Bore one under the middlemoſt faſt bound :
One Ram, by far the beſt of all, bore me
Under his breſt, my hands in deep wooll wound.
Thus hung we conſtantly, expecting day.
The morning came, the Males to paſture hie,
(The Ews with ſtrutting Udders bleating ſtay.)
Their Maſter ſitting there in miſery,
Laid's hand upon their backs as out they paſt,
Ne're thinking of their Bellies we were under.
Mine heavy with his wooll and me came laſt,
To whom the *Cyclops* ſaid, ſeeming to wonder,
Why, ſilly Ram, art thou the laſt to come
Out of the Cave, that formerly was ever

The foremoſt to go out, and to come home,
And foremoſt at the going to the River;
But now art laſt? Is't for thy Maſters eye,
Which *NOMAN* and his Fellows have put forth?
O couldſt thou ſpeak, and tell me where doth lye
Hidden within, that *NOMAN* nothing worth,
I ſoon would with his brains beſmear the floor,
And eaſe my vexed heart within me ſo,
Which *NOMAN* hath within me wounded ſore.
This ſaid, he let the Ram that bore me go.
Got forth a little from the Den and Yard,
I left my Ram, and ſet my Fellows free:
Unto my Ships I brought part of the Herd,
That to our Fellows we might welcome be,
We that eſcapt: But they began to weep
For thoſe we left behinde us dead, till I
Commanded them to fetch aboard more ſheep,
And after that their Oars again to ply.
They brought in more, and each man takes his ſeat,
And in due order, with his Oar in hand,
The water grey into a foam they beat,
And rowed us a little way from Land,

As far as one that hollows can be heard ;
So far I ſtood from ſhore, I hollow'd then ;
Cyclops, *Cyclops*, why were you not afraid
To kill and eat, as you have done, my men ?
For ſince you ſtrangers do ſo ill intreat,
And of the Gods themſelves no reck'ning make,
You ought to have expected vengeance great,
And that your wicked deeds ſhould you o'retake.
The *Cyclops* then provoked with this mock,
Threw a great ſtone at us with all his might ;
And firſt he ſwing'd round o're his head the Rock,
Which juſt behinde the Rudder chanc'd to light ;
And ſo much ſtir'd the water falling in,
That what with th' eddy and tide from the Main,
Brought back to th' Land, and ſure we dead had bin,
But that I quickly thruſt it off again.
Then bad I my Companions to row
Still further off, till we were out of fear.
They ply'd their Oars again ; and we were now
At twice the diſtance that before we were.
And then again I to the *Cyclops* ſpoke,
(Though my companions would have hindred me)
Why

Why (ſay they) will you ſtill the man provoke?
How great a ſtone, how far he throws, you ſee,
How near to Land we were, how near to dye.
If he but any one of us hear ſpeak,
A Rock will ſtraightway from him hither fly,
And knock our brains out, and our Veſſel break.
So ſaid they; but with me could nothing do,
I was reſolv'd to vex him bitterly.
Cyclops, quoth I, if any ask thee who,
What was his name, that rob'd thee of thy eye,
Say 'twas *Ulyſſes*, Prince of *Ithaca*,
Son to the old *Laertes*. He it was.
At which the *Cyclops* howling anſwered, Ha,
I ſee old Prophecies are come to paſs.
For *Telemus Eurymedes* that here
Dwelled, and telling Fortunes went about,
Told me I ſhould by name *Ulyſſes* fear,
As he that one day ſhould my Eye put out.
But I ſome ſtrong and mighty man expected
Of Stature great, ſhould come to do that deed,
And never ſuch a little Wretch ſuſpected,
Nor ever did of being Drunk take heed.

But come *Ulyſſes* nearer, that I may
Give you a precious gift as you deſerve ;
And alſo to my Father *Neptune* pray,
That you upon the Seas he would preſerve.
For I his Son, and he my Father is,
And to my ſight again reſtore me can ;
He, and no other of the Gods in bliſs,
Nor any Pow'r on earth. So ſaid the man.
Cyclops (quoth I) I would I could as well
Send thee now down to *Pluto*'s ugly Den
Depriv'd of life and ſoul i'th' deepeſt Hell,
As I am ſure thou ne're ſhalt ſee agen.
Then held he up his hands to Heav'n and pray'd,
Hear me, O *Neptune*, if thy Son I be,
And thou my Father truly, as 'tis ſaid,
Grant that *Ulyſſes* never more may ſee
His Native Soil ; or if perhaps by fate
It be decreed he ſhall return again,
Let him return both wretchedly and late,
His ſhips and men loſt, and at home meet pain.
His prayer granted was ; and then he threw
A greater ſtone, firſt ſwinged o're his head,

Which by good chance above the Veſſel flew,
But almoſt to the ſhore us carried.
When we were come into the Iſle again
Where all the reſt of our Fleet then abode
Expecting our return, in grievous pain,
And wondring why we were ſo long abroad;
Then with our ſheep we landed on the Beach,
And 'mongſt the Barks divided them with care,
Their juſt and equal number unto each,
That no Ship might be wronged of his ſhare.
On me my Fellows over and above
Beſtow'd a Ram, which on the Sand there-right
I made a Sacrifice to mighty *Jove*;
But in my Off'rings he took no delight,
And was contriving how to make away
My Ship and Fellows, and deſtroy them quite.
There on the ſhore we ſat and ſpent the day
With Fleſh and Wine, from morning unto night.
All night we ſlept upon the ſhore; and when
The morning had again the day reſtor'd,
I preſently commanded all my men
To looſe the Ropes, and put themſelves aboard.

Aboard they go and beat the Sea with Oars,
All for their Fellows which were eaten, ſad.
And forward to the Main we take our courſe,
For that we had our ſelves eſcaped, glad.
At th' floting Iſle *Æolia* we landed, *Lib.* 10.
Where *Æolus* the Son of *Hippotas*
Beloved of th' Immortal Gods commanded.
His houſe was walled all about with braſs.
Th' aſcent unto it was all one ſmooth ſtone.
Twelve were his Children, ſix Sons & their Wives;
In Wedlock he had joyn'd them one to one,
And with him in his houſe they led their lives,
And made good chear; all day the houſe they make
To ring with mirth, and ſmoke with boil'd & roaſt,
At night their Loyal Wives to Beds they take,
Richly ſet out with cov'rings of great coſt.
A month he entertain'd me with delight,
Askt me of *Troy*, and th' *Argive* Fleet, and how
The *Greeks* got home. And him I anſwer'd right
To every thing as far as I did know.
And when I left his houſe, he was content
T' aſſiſt me friendly in my voyage back

With

With a *Weſt*-Winde, and all Windes elſe he pent
Into a tough and ſtrong Neats-leather ſack.
(For *Jove* had made him Maſter of the Winder,
To hold their breath, or blow as he thought fit)
And with a ſilver ſtring the Sack he bindes :
No Winde could ſtir but as I order'd it.
But all this did no good, for want of wit.
Nine days we ſail'd fore-right, and came ſo near
To th' Coaſt of *Ithaca*, that we could ſee't
By th' light of Beacons that were fired there.
But then with wearineſs I fell aſleep ;
For I had ne're till now the Helm let go,
Nor ſuffer'd any elſe my place to keep,
I long'd to ſee my Native Country ſo.
Mean while my Fellows to diſcourſe begin,
Thinking much gold and ſilver was i'th' Sack
By *Æolus Hippotades* put in,
Which now to *Ithaca* I carri'd back.
And, Oh did one unto another ſay,
How much this man is lov'd where e're he comes!
He brings from *Troy* a great ſhare of the prey,
Though we go empty-handed to our homes.

Now *Æolus* has giv'n him God knows what.
Come quickly let us while we think upon't,
And sleeping he upon the Deck lies flat,
Undo the sack, and see how much there's on't.
This wretched counsel taken by the Crew,
The Budget they undid, to see my store;
And then at once the furious Windes out flew,
And whistling, snatcht our ship away from shore.
My Fellows wept, I studi'd which was best,
To fall into the Sea and end my pain,
Or patiently to live among the rest.
I chose to live, as better of the twain,
And hoodwinkt laid me down i'th' ship. At last
We found our selves upon th' *Æolian* shore
On which th' unruly Windes our ship had cast,
Just at the place where we set forth before:
And there we landed, and short supper made
With my Companions on the rocky shore.
I one man with me, and a Herald take,
And went up to the Porch before the door
Of th' Hall, where *Æolus* sat banqueting
Amongst his Sons and Daughters. They admir'd.

What

What Winde, ſaid they, did you now hither bring?
We furniſht you for what place you deſir'd.
Some Devil croſt you. Softly I reply'd,
Of our misfortune other cauſe was none
But my mens folly, who the Bag unty'd
The whilſt I ſlept; you can repair what's done.
Their Father anſwer'd at another rate;
Hence Raſcal, hated of the Gods above:
I entertain none whom the Gods do hate.
Away, I ſay, the Gods thee do not love.
Thus ſighing we were ſent away. And though
We were already tired with the Oar,
To Sea we put, and forward ſtill we row,
Six days and nights entire, ne're giving o're.
Upon the ſeventh day we landed near
To *Leſtrigonia*, the Royal Seat
Of *Lamus* and his Race. The Herds-men there,
When from the field they bring their ſheep or neat,
Hollow to thoſe at home; then they a-field
Their Cattle drive. To one of little ſleep
The ſite o'th' place doth double wages yield,
By tending one day Cows, another ſheep.

* For it is ſeated juſt 'twixt day and night.
Into the Port we came, the which with'n
On each ſide was beſet with Rocks upr'ght,
Whereof two made it narrow coming in.
My Fellows with their ſhips were in the Port
Near to the City. For the Sea was ſtill,
And not a Winde ſtirring of any ſort.
But I kept mine without, ſuſpecting ill,
And with a Rope had ty'd it to the Rocks.
Then up a hill I went to look about,
But could no ſigne eſpy of Man or Oxe.
Then down I came again, and ſtraight ſent out
T' enquire what kinde of people lived there.
A Herald then and two men more I ſent,
Who as they going on the high-way were
That from the woody hill to'th' City went,
Met with the Daughter of *Antiphates*
That was of *Leſtrigonians* the King.

* Homer *knew well there could not be a Town, at one end whereof was Day, at the other Night at the ſame time; but had a minde to tell the Learned how much the Unlearned can believe.*

She had fetch't water from *Artacies*;
Artacies the name was of a Spring.
They askt her of the King and of the People.
Her Fathers houſe ſhe ſhows. They thither hie,
And finde the Queen there looking like a Steeple,
And ſtraight abhor'd her as a Prodigie.
Then ſhe her Husband from the Market-place
Calls home; who ſtraight intended to diſpatch 'em,
And laid his hands on one; but in that ſpace
The reſt eſcap'd by flight, he could not catch 'em.
But then he raiſed with a mighty ſhout
The Town and Country, who in numbers great
Liker to Gyants then to men, came out,
And with huge ſtones of a mans weight they beat
My men and ſhips. A woful noiſe and wilde
I heard of dying men, and tearing planks.
When they had ſlain my men, they them enfil'd,
And carri'd them like Fiſhes hung in ranks.
While they did this, I had no other hope
To ſave my ſelf, but quickly with my Sword
(My ſhip being ty'd to th' Rocks) to cut the rope,
And make what haſte I could to get aboard.

My Crew into the ſhip leapt all at once,
And row'd for life, till they got far enough
From land, to ſtand in fear of throwing ſtones,
And glad they had eſcaped, onwards row.
The reſt, both ſhips and men, all periſhed.
Next at *Æea* Iſle aſhore we run,
Where the wiſe Goddeſs *Circe* inhab'ted,
Æetes Siſter, Daughter of the *Sun*
And *Perſe* Daughter of *Oceanus*.
There in a good ſafe Harbour quietly
We reſt our ſelves. Some God conducted us.
There full of grief two days and nights we lye.
Soon as the Morn had ſhewn us the third day,
With Spear in hand, and Sword girt at my thigh,
Up to a Mountains top I took my way,
Some word of man to hear, or work to ſpy.
Through the thick wood I ſaw a ſmoke ariſe
About the place where th' houſe of *Circe* ſtood:
Then with my ſelf I did a while adviſe
What I ſhould do. At laſt I thought it good
To make my people all to dine, and then
Safely with company to go or ſend.

So back I came unto my ſhip and men.
But by the way (ſome God ſure was my Friend)
A gallant Stag came by, whom heat and thirſt
Invited had down to the Stream Divine.
At him I quickly threw my Spear, which pierc't
Both his ſides thorow, cloſe beneath the Chine.
Down dead he falls. On's neck my foot I ſet,
Pluckt out the Spear, and laid it on the ground.
To make a Rope I Twigs and Ruſhes get,
And his four feet together faſt I bound.
Within his legs I place my head, and bear
His body on my neck. 'Twas hard to riſe,
Leaning with both my hands upon my Spear.
He was too great to take up otherwiſe.
I threw him down o'th' ſhore and chear'd my Crew.
Friends (quoth I) though our preſent ſtate be bad,
Death ſhall not come, I hope, before 'tis due.
Come, let us eat and drink, and be not ſad.
This ſaid, they ſtraightway from the ſhip deſcend,
And gaze upon't, for 'twas a mighty Beaſt:
And when their wondering was at an end,
They waſht their hands, and dreſt it for their feaſt.

And all the remnant of the day till night
We made good cheer with Wine and Ven'ſon ſtore.
After the Sun had born from us his light,
We laid us down to ſleep upon the ſhore.
But when the Roſie Morn appear'd again,
I ſaid to all my men, who grieved were:
My Mates, although I have endur'd much pain,
I muſt intreat you patiently to hear.
We know not where is *weſt* nor *Eaſt*, nor where
The Sun does riſe or ſet, nor where we be.
To me does little hope as yet appear:
And therefore we muſt go abroad and ſee.
In a low Iſland, riſing through the Trees,
I ſaw a ſmoke when I ſtood on the hill.
Though I had utter'd no more words but theſe,
They heard them with a very evil will.
Of *Cyclops* and *Antiphates* they ſpeak
That had devour'd their Fellows formerly:
And ready were their hearts with grief to break:
They weep and whine, but without remedy.
Of my Companions then two Bands I make;
Of one *Eurylochus* had the Command,

The charge o'th' other to my ſelf I take :
And two and twenty men were in each Band.
Who ſhould go firſt abroad, and who ſhould ſtay,
We were content ſhould be by Lot defin'd.
To go, fell to *Eurylochus*. Away
They weeping went, we weeping ſtay'd behinde.
Down in a Dale they *Circes* Palace found
Built of ſquare ſtone. The place was full of ſhade.
Lyons and Wolves about it lay o'th' ground,
Whom *Circe* tame with Magick Arts had made :
Theſe few not at my men, but laid their Noſes
Upon them lovingly, and wag'd their tails
As Dogs ſalute their Maſters. *Circe*'s Doſes
So much above their Natures fierce prevails.
Eurylochus i'th' door ſtood with his Band.
The Goddeſs *Circe* buſie was within ;
For ſhe a wondrous fine work had in hand,
Paſt art of man, and ſung as ſhe did ſpin.
Then did *Polites*, whom I lov'd moſt dear
Of all my Crew, ſpeak out unto them all :
My friends, quoth he, ſomebody ſingeth there,
A Goddeſs or a Woman. Let us call.

This

This ſaid, they call, and ſhe ſets ope the gate,
Bids them come in. Fools as they were, they enter
All but *Eurylochus*. Without he ſate
Suſpecting ſomewhat, therefore durſt not venture.
She places them, and ſets before them food,
Cheeſecakes of Cheeſe, and Honey, flour and wine;
But had mixt ſomething with it not ſo good
Of wondrous Vertue with an ill deſigne.
For with a Wand, as ſoon as they had din'd,
She drove them to the ſtyes, and there them pent:
For body, head, hair, voice, all but the minde,
Right Swine they were, and grunted as they went.
There to them threw ſhe Acorns, Crabs and Bran,
The things wherewith Swine commonly are fed.
Eurylochus ſtay'd long, but not a man
Came out to let him know how they had ſped.
Then back he comes: at firſt he could not ſpeak,
Though he endeavoured; he grieved ſo,
The ſighs and ſobs his words did often break,
Till urg'd by us that long'd the truth to know.
At laſt he ſaid, Renown'd *Ulyſſes*, we
Paſſing the woods as we commanded were,

In a dark Vale a ſtately Palace ſee ;
A Goddeſs, or a Woman, dwelleth there.
We call'd, and ſtraight ſhe opening the gate,
Bids us come in. They ill adviſed enter
All but my ſelf. Alone without I ſate,
Suſpecting fraud, and durſt no further venture.
Loſt they are all : for if they could, I know
Some of them would have come and brought me word,
For I ſtay'd long enough. This ſaid, my Bow
I took, and at my ſide my truſty Sword,
And bad him guide me back the ſelf-ſame way.
Then fell he at my feet on both his knees,
And weeping me intreats to let him ſtay ;
Your life, quoth he, amongſt the reſt you'l leeſe.
To this I ſaid, *Eurylochus*, ſtay you
Here at the ſhip (ſince you are frighted ſo)
Eating and drinking with the reſt o'th' Crew ;
Neceſſity compelleth me to go.
This ſaid, I went along the ſhore, till I
Was at the entrance of the Valley, where
The houſe of *Circe* ſtood. Then *Mercury*
Encountred me. In form he did appear

Of a fair youth, whose Beard but now began
In a soft Down to peep above his face,
Which is the prime of beauty in a man.
Alas, said he, what make you in this place
'Mongst trees and shrubs? For I can tell you this,
Your Mates at *Circe*'s house are lodg'd in styes,
They now are Swine; you'l of your purpose miss.
You cannot set them free though you be wise,
But rather you will with them lye. But well,
I'le give you such an Antidote as you
Need not to be afraid of any Spell;
And will besides, her purpose to you shew.
To make you drink she'll temper you a Cup,
Which shall not (for the Antidote) bewitch you;
And when she sees that you have drunk it up,
With her long Wand she presently will switch you.
Then to her with your naked Sword in hand,
As if you purpos'd to cut off her head.
Then she will shriek, and weep, and trembling stand,
And buy her life with proffer of her bed.
You must not then refuse the Goddess love,
If you intend your Fellows to restore:

Yet make her ſwear by all the Gods above
She never will attempt to hurt you more.
Then gave he me the herb. The Flow'r was white,
The Root was black ; the Gods do call it *Moly*,
And gather it, who have no ſtint of might.
For men to think to finde it is a folly.
Then *Hermes* parting mounted to the Sky,
And I to *Circe*'s houſe went on my way,
And muſing ſtood a while, but by and by
I call'd, and ſhe came forth without delay,
And calls me in. I enter with ſad heart ;
There in a glorious Chair ſhe made me ſit
Studded with ſilver-Nails, and carv'd with Art ;
Then puts a low Stool to it for my feet,
And brought the Potion in a Golden Cup,
Which ſhe had temper'd to her bad deſigne.
And ſoon as ever I had drunk it up
She ſwitch'd and bad me go lye with the Swine.
Then ſtart I up with my drawn Sword, and make
As if I purpos'd to cut off her head.
Then did ſhe ſhriek moſt fearfully and quake,
And weeping to me theſe words uttered :

Who,

Who, whence are you? what is your Fathers name?
That this drink worketh not, is very ſtrange.
If any elſe but taſted had the ſame,
He ſoon had of his figure found a change.
But you a ſtubborn heart have in your breſt.
Are you *Ulyſſes*, that ſhould hither come,
As *Hermes* told me oft, and be my Gueſt,
When from the *Trojan* ſhore he ſailed home?
Put up your Sword; and that we may confide
In one another better without dread,
Let's to my Chamber go, and ſide by ſide
Compoſe the things we differ in a-bed.
Circe (ſaid I) Oh how can I be kinde,
When you to Swine my Fellows turned have?
And now you have me here, 'tis in your minde
To make me tame, and keep me for a ſlave.
I'le not come near your Bed, unleſs before
You take an Oath by all the Gods above
You'l never go about to hurt me more.
This ſaid, ſhe ſwore, and I gave way to love.
On *Circe* Waiting-women four attended
To do the ſervice of the houſe, and were

From

From ſacred Rivers, Springs and Groves deſcended ;
Each had her proper work aſſigned her.
One does the Chairs with coverings array ;
Another does the Silver Tables ſpread,
And on each one of them a Basket lay
Of Gold, and into it ſhe puts the bread.
The third does in a Silver Flagon mix
The Wine and Water in a Silver Pot :
The fourth to make a fire brings in the ſticks,
And for a Bath makes ready water hot.
Circe her ſelf the water tempered
Into a juſt and comfortable heat,
And pour'd it on my ſhoulders and my head,
Waſhing my limbs, till I my toil forget.
And when I bathed and anointed was,
She put upon me a fair Coat and Veſt,
And led me in, into the dining place,
And to my Chair and Table me addreſt.
One Maid a golden Baſon, with the Ew'r,
To waſh our hands over a Cauldron brings ;
The Cauldron alſo was of Silver pure.
Another loads the Table with good things :

Another on the Table ſets on bread,
And then the Goddeſs *Circe* bids me eat.
But other dangers running in my head,
I had but little ſtomack to my meat.
Which ſhe obſerving ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, why
Do you thus ſullenly your meat refuſe,
And like a dumb man ſit? D'ye think that I
Intend againſt you ſome new Art to uſe?
Have I not ſworn? To which I anſwered,
Oh *Circe*, how can I be pleas'd d'ye think
(When you my Fellows keep disfigured
And pounded up in Hog-ſtyes) t' eat and drink?
If you mean well, ſet them at liberty,
And in the ſhape of men before my eyes,
That I may look on them, and they on me.
With Switch in hand then out of doors ſhe hyes
And opens all the Priſons; out they come,
And were to look to Pigs of nine years old.
She drives them with her Wand into the room,
And makes them ſtand there while I them behold.
Then *Circe* went amongſt them, and each one
Smear'd with an unguent which ſtraightway did make

Their

Their ha'r fall off, and undid all was done;
And presently a humane shape they take,
Greater and fairer then they had before.
They knew me all, my hand with theirs they prest.
So glad they were, their eyes for joy ran o're.
The whole house wept, and *Circe* with the rest.
This past, the Goddess said, *Ulysses*, go
And bring your ship a-land, and let her lye;
Your goods within the rocky Caves bestow,
And make haste back with all your company.
This pleas'd me well. Down to the Sea I hye
Where my Companions I weeping finde;
But soon as I appear'd they presently
About me came, their care now out of minde.
As when from Pastures fat a Herd of Cows
Well fed return at evening to their home,
Their Calves will not be kept within the house,
But play, and skip, and round about them come:
So did my Fellows soon as they me saw
Come skipping out o'th' ship, with no less joy
Then if they had been come to *Ithaca*
Their Native Country from the Town of *Troy*.

Our

Our joy (ſaid they) *Ulyſſes* cannot be
Greater when we at *Ithaca* arrive,
Which we ſo wiſh for, then 'tis now to ſee
That you from *Circe* are return'd alive.
But tell us, pray, how dy'd our Fellows there.
But firſt (ſaid I) hale up your Ship to Land,
And in the Rocks hide all that's looſe in her,
And come with me to *Circe* out of hand.
There ſhall you ſee your Fellows how they live
In want of nothing that they can deviſe.
To theſe my words my Fellows credit give;
Eurylochus alone thought otherwiſe.
Wretches (ſaid he) what mean you? will you go?
Have you a longing to be Lyons tame,
Or Swine, or Wolves, and being transformed ſo,
To live at *Circe*'s houſe, and guard the ſame?
Remember *Cyclops*, and how all they ſped
That dar'd to put themſelves within his Cave,
By too much valour of *Ulyſſes* led.
Bethink you well how you your ſelves may ſave.
When I heard that, I drew my Sword, and meant,
Although he were my Kinſman very nigh,

T'have

T'have made his head fly. But of that intent
I was made fruſtrate by the Company
That interpoſing ſpake me fair, and ſaid,
Let him ſtay here, but we'l go ev'ry man,
While he looks to the ſhip, ſince he's afraid.
Thus having ſaid, to march they ſtraight began:
Nor ſtaid *Eurylochus* behinde, for I
Had ſo affrighted him he went with th' reſt.
Mean while at *Circe*'s houſe my company
Were bath'd and oyl'd, and cloath'd with Coat and Veſt.
Feaſting we found them in a ſtately Hall.
But when we ſaw them, and heard ev'ry thing
That had befal'n them, ſuddenly we all
Wept out ſo loud, as made the houſe to ring.
Then *Circe* ſaid, *Ulyſſes* why d'ye weep?
I know your ſuff'rings both at Land by men,
And what you have endured on the Deep.
Drink wine, eat meat, and merry be agen.
Recruit your hearts with courage, till they be
As ſtrong as when from home you firſt ſet out;
Put all your danger out of memory,
Nor trouble more your weari'd minds with doubt.

Theſe words of *Circe* did our ſpirits chear,
And made us willingly fall to our meat.
Both then and ev'ry day throughout the year
In *Circe*'s houſe we freely drink and eat.
But when the ſeaſon was come round about,
And months and days of th'year had made an end,
Then my impatient Fellows call'd me out,
And ſaid, Strange man, do you no more intend
To ſee your Country *Ithaca*? Shall we
For ever ſtay with *Circe* here? Have Fates
Decreed that you your houſe no more ſhould ſee,
But periſh here together with your Mates?
This my Companions ſaid, and ſaid but right.
Then what remained of the day we ſpent
Eating and drinking merrily. At night
They to their own beds, I to *Circe*'s went;
Where proſtrate at her knees, I preſs her hard
To keep her word, and let me go my way;
My minde, ſaid I, is going thitherward
Now, and my Fellows ask me why I ſtay.
Renown'd *Ulyſſes* (anſwer'd *Circe*) here
Againſt your will with me you ſhall not ſtay.

But e're you go unto your Country dear,
You muſt a Voyage make another way.
You muſt to th' houſe of *Hades* firſt repair:
For with *Tireſias* the Prophet blinde
You muſt conſult concerning your affair:
He knows what courſe the Fates have you deſign'd,
Though blinde his eye, yet is his judgment clear.
For why, *Proſerpina* to him alone
Hath granted to peruſe Fates Regiſter,
And know the Hiſtory of things not done.
The Ghoſts to him ſtand up when he goes by.
At this my heart was ready ev'n to break,
And in the bed long time I weeping lye,
And turn'd, and wiſh'd for death. At laſt I ſpeak:
Circe (ſaid I) who ſhall me thither guide?
Never man yet to Hell went in a ſhip.
Then to me *Circe* preſently reply'd;
Ulyſſes, let not that thought break your ſleep.
You need but ſet your Maſt up, hoiſe your ſail,
And then ſit ſtill; you ſhall not want a Winde:
For *Boreas* to waſt you will not fail.
When you are come to th' Oceans end, you'l find

The wooddy ſhore and Grove of *Proſerpine*.
There the tall Poplar, and ſoft Willow grows;
And there it is your Bark you muſt put in.
Then go along the ſhore to *Pluto*'s houſe.
And you ſhall ſee where into *Acheron*
Cocytus falls, which is a branch of *Styx*,
And with it alſo *Pyriphlegeton*,
And a great Rock where the two Rivers mix.
Cloſe by that place make with your Sword a Pit
A Cubit wide, and round about it pour
Wine mixt with honey, and pure Wine after it;
Then water pure, and over all throw Flour.
Such is the drink that's offer'd to the dead.
And further to them you muſt make a Vow,
That when you be at home, and out of dread,
You'l gratifie them with a Barren Cow.
But to *Tireſias* you muſt alone
Promiſe at your return to Kill a Ewe
All over black. The Ceremonies done
Which to the dead by common law are due,
Then of the Ram and Ewe let out the blood
Into the pit; their heads to Hell-ward place,

And turn your back, and ſo go tow'rd the Flood.
Then ſhall you ſee the Ghoſts come out apace.
Bid your companions mean while to flay
The ſlaughter'd Sheep. To *Pluto* muſt you, and
To his Queen *Proſerpine* your prayers ſay,
Then ſit down at the pit with Sword in hand.
Let none come neer the blood until you ſee
Tireſias the *Theban* Prophet come.
'Twill not be long before he with you be ;
He'll tell you all the ways to bring you home.
This ſaid, *Aurora* had the light diſplay'd,
And *Circe* cloath'd me with a coat and veſt,
And with a pure white robe her ſelf array'd,
With a gold-girdle girt beneath her breaſt ;
And put upon her head her vail. Then I
Went through the houſe to make my fellows riſe,
And gently ſaid unto them ſeverally,
Let's go ; for *Circe* now doth ſo adviſe.
And well content they were. But ſafe away
I could not bring them all. For there was one
Elpenor, neither forward in a Fray,
Nor yet of very much diſcretion ;

Heated with Wine o're night, himſelf to cool,
Up to the houſes top he went to ſleep;
But wak'd with noiſe the reſt made, like a Fool
Ne're thought of coming down the ſtairs ſteep
Backward; and ſo to th' earth he headlong fell,
And broke his Neck-bone,& lay dead o'th' ground.
And his ſoul leaving him, went down to hell.
The reſt came forth, and ſtood about me round.
To theſe I ſaid, You think without delay
That we to *Ithaca* are going now;
But *Circe* bids us go another way,
Of old *Tireſias* the minde to know,
The *Thebaa* Prophet, who is now in Hell.
This broke the very heart-ſtrings of my Mates;
They ſob and tear their hair, but cannot tell
How to avoid what's once decreed by th' Fates.
Then to our ſhip we weeping went. Mean ſpace
Circe a Ram and black Ewe there had ty'd
Unſeen to us, we found them on the place.
For Gods, but when they liſt, cannot be ſpy'd.
When we were come unto the Sea-ſide, where
Our ſhip lay which we ſhoar'd into the deep;

We rear our Maſt, pull up our Sails, and bear
Aboard with us one Male, one Female ſheep.
And ſo for Hell we ſtood, with fears in minde,
And tears in eye. But the fair *Circe* ſent
To bear us company, a good fore-winde
That kept our Sails full all the way we went.
To Windes and Steerage we our way commend,
And careleſs ſit from morning till 'twas dark;
Then found our ſelves at th' Oceans fartheſt end,
Where up to Land the winde had forc'd our Bark.
Here dwelt the *Cimbers* hid in Clouds and Miſt,
Whom thou, O *Phœbus*, with thy golden Eye,
Nor coming from the Sky to Earth e're ſeeſt,
Nor when from Earth thou mounteſt to the Sky;
But live, poor men, under a horrid night.
Here ſeek we for the place of which the wife
Circe had told us, and ſoon on it light,
And thither fetcht the ſheep for ſacrifice.
Then with my Sword i'th' ground I dig'd a Pit,
And round about it Wine with Honey pour;
And round again pure Wine pour after it,
Then Water pure. O're all I ſprinkle Flour:

And vowed to those feeble folk, to kill
As soon as I to *Ithaca* should come
A barren Heifer, and the Altar fill
With many more good things I had at home.
And promis'd to *Tiresias* alone
A fat black Ewe, the best in all my Coats.
When I my Vows and pray'rs had ritely done,
Of both the Victims straight I cut the throats.
Their reaking bloud stream'd down into the Pit;
Out come the Ghosts, Maids, Youths, decrepit Age,
And tender Virgins, they all sented it;
And Warriours clad in goary Arms, all rage,
And rushing out of Hell, with hideous cry,
About the bloud bustling they go and turn,
Which not a little frighted me. Then I
Bad slay the Victims, and their bodies burn,
And say their pray'rs to *Pluto* and his Queen.
With Sword in hand I sat on the Pits brink,
Resolv'd till I *Tiresias* had seen,
That not a Ghost a drop of bloud should drink.
First came my Souldier *Elpenor*'s Spirit,
Which left the body just when we set sail,

So

So that we had no leisure to inter it.
His heavy fate I did with tears bewail.
Now now (quoth I) *Elpenor*? art thou here
Already? couldst thou me so much out-strip?
first came forth, and left thee in the Rear.
Hast thou on foot out-gone my good black ship?
Then said *Elpenor*, Issue of *Jove*, Divine
Ulysses, I had come along w'th' Bark,
But that the Devil and excess of Wine
Made me to fall, and break my neck, i'th' dark.
went to bed late by a Ladder steep;
At top o'th' house the Room was where I lay:
Wak't at the noise of parting, half asleep
Headlong I hither came, the neerest way.
Now I adjure you by your Father, and
Your Wife, and Son, and all his Seed to come
(For I assured am that you will land
Where *Circe* dwells before your going home)
To see I have the Rites due to the dead.
Fear th' anger of the Gods above, and burn
My body with my arms, from foot to head,
And cast on Earth to cover o're my Urn.

This done, for men hereafter sa'ling by,
Raise me a little Tomb of Earth by th' shore,
That they may eas'ly see where 'tis I lye.
Lastly, upon it upright plant my Oar.
All this (quoth I) I'le do upon my word.
Thus we discours'd amongst the shades. He stood
While I continu'd with my naked Sword
To keep the Sprights from tasting of the blood.
Then came *Anticlia* my Mothers Ghost.
Alive I left her when to *Troy* I sail'd
To fight against it in the *Argive* Hoast.
Now seeing her, exceedingly I wail'd.
And though I grieved, were to keep away
My Mother from the loved bloud; yet still
In the same posture patiently I stay,
Till I might know *Tiresias* his will.
Then came the Soul of old *Tiresias*,
And of the Gilded-Staff he had in's hand.
Poor man (quoth he) perceiving what I was,
What brought thee hither to this ugly Land?
Stand back a while, and take your Sword away,
That I may drink, and the Unerring Word

Of

Of Fate deliver to you. I obey,
Retire, and up I put my truſty Sword.
Then ſaid the good old Prophet, You are come,
Honor'd *Ulyſſes*, to inquire of me,
What the Gods ſay about your going home.
I tell you true, 'twill not be eaſily.
I think you'l not eſcape at Sea unſeen
Of angry *Neptune*, who I do not doubt
Will do his worſt, and make you feel his ſpleen,
For *Polyphemus* eye which you put out.
Yet for all that, you may to *Ithaca*
Safely return, if you can but command
Your paſſion when in th' Iſle *Thrinacia*,
An Iſland lying in your way you land.
There feed the Kine of the all-ſeeing Sun,
And Flocks of goodly Sheep. Hurt none of theſe,
Then ſhall your ſhip her courſe with ſafety run
At length to *Ithaca*, though not with eaſe.
But if you touch them, I denounce a wrack
To your good ſhip, and death to all your Crew.
And though your ſelf may happen to come back
At laſt, and this unhappy Fate eſchew;

'Twill be alone, and in a ſhip not yours;
Beſides that, when you are returned home
You'l be in danger of your Mothes Wooers,
Who for your Wives and Meats-ſake thither come.
But you will be reveng'd of theſe; and when
You ſhall have made away theſe Wooers, go
With Oar on ſhoulder, to a Land where men
Inhabit, that the briny Sea not know,
Nor ever mingle ſalt with what they eat,
Nor ever ſaw the ſhip with crimſon face,
Nor yet thoſe wings which do the water beat
(Call'd Oars) to make your good ſhip go apace.
Now mark me well, when thou ſhalt meet a man
Juſt at the end of *Neptunes* utmoſt bound,
Bearing upon his ſhoulder a Corn-fan,
Stick down thy luſty Oar upon the ground;
There ſacrifice to the Worlds Admiral,
For new admittance, a Ram, Boar, and Bull;
Then home again, and offer unto all
The Gods by name an hundred Oxen full.
Your death will not ungentle be, for which
Age ſhall prepare you, and your ſoul unglew

Inſen-

nſenſibly. Your people ſhall be rich
Which round about you dwell. All this is true.
reſias (quoth I) when he had done,
'Tis well. My Mother yonder I eſpie
mongſt the ſhades; ſhe knoweth not her Son;
What ſhall I do to make her know 'tis I?
hat (quoth he) I can tell you eaſily.
What ſoul ſoever you admit to drink,
o what you ask will make a true reply;
Thoſe you put back, back into Hell will ſlink.
he Prophet having thus my fate foretold,
Into the houſe of *Pluto* back retir'd.
o're the bloud my former poſture hold,
But let my Mother drink as ſhe deſir'd.
he knew me then, and wept. My Son, ſaid ſhe,
How came you to this place of ours ſo dark?
h' Ocean and ſo many Gulphs there be
'Twixt you and us, that but with a good Bark
o living man can paſs. Come you but now
From *Troy*, and all this while have wandring been
ou and your Company? You have, I trow,
Your Wife *Penelope* by this time ſeen.

Mother

Mother (ſaid I) the cauſe I came this way
Was to ask counſel of *Tireſias*.
Since I with *Agamemnon* went to *Troy*,
In *Ithaca* or *Greece* I never was.
But Mother, tell me pray you, how came you
Unto this place? was it by ſickneſs long?
Or did *Diana* with a death undue
Send you down hither to this feeble throng?
And tell me if my Father and my Son
Remain as formerly in their eſtate;
Or that ſome Prince of *Greece* my Wife have won,
Suppoſing me now caſt away by Fate.
Tell me beſides, whether *Penelope*
Remain at home together with my Son,
Aſſiſting him to Rule my Family;
Or whether ſhe be married, and gone.
Your Wife (ſaid ſhe) does ſtill continue there;
For your long abſence weepeth days and nights.
Your Son ſtill holds his own, and makes good cheer;
Oft he invited is, and oft invites.
Your Father from his Vineyard never budges;
Rich Coverlets and Bedding he refuſes;

Ne're comes toth' Town; in Winter with his Drudges
To lay him down and sleep by th' fire he uses.
In vile array in Summer-time he creeps,
Till Vintage pass, about his Fruit-trees round,
And visits them each one; at night he sleeps
On Bed of heaped leaves upon the ground.
Thus lyes he griev'd and pining with the thought
Of your sad fate, afflicted too with age.
The like sad thoughts me also hither brought.
I neither died by *Diana*'s rage,
Nor any long consuming Malady;
But very woe, thinking that you were dead,
My Noble dear *Ulysses*, made me die;
My Soul thus hither from my body fled.
When she had spoken, I would very fain
Have ta'ne her in mine arms; three times I grasp't
At the beloved Shadow, but in va'n.
Mine arms I closed, but did nothing clasp.
Sore griev'd hereat, I said unto my Mother,
I am your Son, why do you fly me so?
Why may we not embracing one another,
Although in Hell, give ease unto our woe?

Hath *Proſerpine*, my ſorrows to augment,
Sent me a Phantome in my Mothers ſtead ?
Oh no (quoth ſhe) my Son, ſh'ad no intent
T' abuſe you. 'Tis the nature of the Dead.
We are no longer Sinews, Fleſh and Bones ;
We are Subſtances Incorporeal.
All that's conſum'd i'th' Fun'ral fire : when once
That's done, it in it ſelf ſtands ſeveral ;
Flies like a Dream. No, go your ways to th' light,
And tell all I have told you to your Wife,
That ſhe may know in this perpetual night
The Dead enjoy an everlaſting life.
When we had thus diſcours't, the Ladies came
Sent out by *Proſerpine* to taſte the bloud ;
Daughters and Wives to Princes of great Fame,
And round about me at the Pit they ſtood.
But I to know each one that came to drink,
Studi'd a while ; then thought this counſel beſt,
With Sword in hand t' abide upon the brink,
Whilſt one was drinking to keep off the reſt.
There was not one but I enquir'd her name
And Pedigree. All told me who they were.

And

And first of all the well-born *Tyro* came,
Who said *Salmoneus* was her Ancestor,
And that of *Cretheus* she had been the Wife,
And on *Enipeus* had enamour'd been
Once on a time whilst she remain'd in life,
On *Enipeus* fair'st stream that e're was seen.
Upon whose Bank *Neptune* that chanc't to spy her,
On *Enipeus* sweet stream drew her aside,
And at the Rivers mouth laid him down by her
Between two Waves rais'd high, their deed to hide.
When he Loves work had done, Thou shalt (said he)
E're th'year be ended, bring forth Children twain,
Who Princes both of great Renown shall be.
I *Neptune* am; the Gods ne're work in vain.
See you that they be educated well
Till they shall be at mans estate arriv'd.
So go you home: my name you must not tell.
This said, into the rowling Sea he div'd.
Her time being come, she was delivered
Of two great Boys, *Neleus* and *Pelias*,
Who for the service of high *Jove* were bred.
One King of *Pyle*, th'other of *Iolcus* was.

The

The Noble Lady *Tyro*, beſides theſe,
Did many other goodly Children bear:
Amatheon, and *Æſon*, and *Pheres*;
But theſe her Husband *Cretheus* Children were.
Next came the Daughter of *Æſopus* (who
Through *Theban* fertil Plains and Meadows run)
Antiope of *Jove*; ſhe boaſteth too,
That by him ſhe conceived had two Sons;
Their names were *Zethus* and *Amphion*. They
The Founders were of *Thebes*; with Walls & Towers,
And ſev'n ſtrong Gates they fenc't it ev'ry way
Againſt Invaſion from all Neighb'ring Powers.
Amphitrions Wife *Alcmena* there I ſaw,
That lov'd by *Jove* brought *Hercules* to life,
And the King *Cretheus* Daughter *Megara*,
That was the Mighty *Hercules* his Wife.
I ſaw there alſo the unfortunate
Mother of *Oedipus*, *Jocaſta* bright,
That blindly did a horrid act, by fate,
Which the Gods pleaſure was ſhould come to light.
Not knowing him, ſhe marry'd her own Son;
Not knowing him, he his own Father ſlew:

When

When they perceived both what they had done,
She hang'd her self; her Furies him pursue.
Chloris I saw, whom *Neleus* did wed
For beauty, got by the Son of *Jasius*;
And with great Dowre he gain'd her to his bed;
Her Father *Amphion* rul'd *Orchomenus*.
She Queen of *Pyle*, by *Neleus* had three Boys:
Nestor, *Chromius*, *Periclymenus*;
And one fair Daughter to make full their joys,
Pero by name, for beauty wonderous.
The Princes round about were Suitors to her;
But *Iphiclus* had *Neleus* Cattle ta'ne,
And *Neleus* was resolved to bestow her
On him that could his Herds fetch back again.
There was a Prophet undertook the Task;
But ta'ne by Clowns, and into Prison pent,
For answ'ring *Iphiclus* t'all he could ask
Was freed, and did the thing he underwent.
I saw the Wife too of *Tyndareus* there,
Fair *Leda*; the two Twins unto him bare,
Pollux good Cuffer, *Castor* Cavalier:
Twins, and alive, though under-ground they are.

And

And have obtained of their Father *Jove*
Both to be Canonized Gods ; but ſo,
As he that is to day in Heav'n above,
Shall be to morrow amongſt men below.
Iphimedea, *Alcidæus* Wife
I ſaw, that did two Sons to *Neptune* bear,
Otus, and *Ephialtes* ; of ſhort life,
The greateſt, and the fair'ſt that ever were
Except *Orion* ; each at nine years old
Between the ſhoulders was nine Cubits wide,
And was in length nine Cubits four times told,
And all the Gods in Heaven terrifi'd ;
And threatned them with War, and Heav'n to ſtorm.
They *Oſſa* ſet upon *Olympus* high,
And *Pelius* on *Oſſa* ; and ſo form
Againſt the Sky a mighty Battery :
And ſurely they had ſtorm'd it had they been
At mans eſtate. Their Beards were not yet grown.
Apollo kill'd them with his Arrows keen,
E're on their Cheeks appeared any down.
Phædra and *Procris* there I alſo ſaw,
And *Minos* Daughter *Ariadne*, whom

Theſeus

Theseus was bringing towards *Attica*
From *Creta*; but he could not bring her home.
Diana killed her in *Dia* Isle
On *Bacchus* quarrel. There I did behold
Maera and *Clymene*, and th' Woman vile
Eryphile that her own Husband sold.
To name the Ladies all I saw, would make
My Tale to last all night. 'Tis bed-time now
Here or aboard, though not till you think fit;
Till you think fit, and give command to row.
This said, the Company deep silence seis'd,
Delighted with the things they heard him speak.
The Queen her self *Arete* no less pleas'd,
At last resolv'd the silence thus to break.
Princes, what think you of this man so rare,
His look, his stature, and his Noble heart?
My Guest he is, but you have all a share
In th' honour of this Visit. E're he part
Make him a Present to relieve his need.
Be liberal, have no respect to thrift;
For you the Gods from fear of want have freed
With wealth abundant. Do not pinch your Gift:

Old

Old *Echineus* said, The Queen says right ;
We shall do well her counsel to obey :
But since in King *Alcinous* lyes the might,
'Tis better first to hear what he will say.
Then said *Alcinous*, It shall be so,
Unless I bear the name of King in vain ;
Let not the Stranger till to morrow go ;
Till we prepare our Gift he must remain.
As for his Passage we will all provide,
And chiefly I that do the Scepter bear.
To whom the wise *Ulysses* thus reply'd :
Renown'd *Alcinous* that Reigneſt here,
Though a whole year you should command my stay,
It will not trouble me. Nay, that I'de chuse,
Since you intend to send me rich away :
For why, I'm sure I shall no honour loose
By coming richly home. Kings that have store
Of wealth, are better commonly obey'd,
And by their Subjects are respected more,
Then those whose Treasuries and Chests are void.
There be (the King said) many that can lye ;
But there is form and sense in all you say :

Both

Both your own Fate you tell with Harmony,
And of the *Greeks* with whom you went to *Troy*.
I ſhould be well content to ſit up here
All the night long, ſo you would undertake
To tell me ev'ry thing that you ſaw there.
To him *Ulyſſes* then did anſwer make:
Renowned King *Alcinous*, you know
There is a time for talk, a time for reſt;
But ſince you long to hear, I'le tell you now
Whom elſe I ſaw, and what Fate them oppreſt.
And firſt the ſaddeſt end of thoſe that had
Eſcap'd the fury of the Enemy,
And in their Countries landed were and glad,
Were murther'd by a Womans Treachery.
The Female Ghoſts ſcatter'd by *Proſerpine*,
Some one way, ſome another, thither came
Atrides Soul, firſt of the Maſculine;
And others with him, whoſe Fates were the ſame.
No ſooner he the blood had taſted, but
He knew me, ſorely wept, and would have caſt
His arms about my Waſte, but could not do't:
For now alas his ſtrength was gone and paſt.

I griev'd to ſee him, and thus to him ſa'd :
King *Agamemnon*, what Fate brought you hither ?
Were you by *Neptune* on the Sea betray'd,
And hither ſent by fury of the weather ?
Or landing to finde Booty, met with Death ?
Or elſe beſieging of ſome Town were ſlain ?
Or for fair Women were bereav'd of breath ?
Then *Agamemnon* anſwered me again :
Noble *Ulyſſes*, I loſt not my life
By *Neptunes* fury, nor in fight at Land
For Booty or for Women ; but my Wife
Did baſely kill me by *Ægiſthus* hand.
At my firſt landing he invited me,
And ſlew me then when I at ſupper ſate.
Juſt as a man would kill a Cow, ſo he
Kill'd me. There's no ſuch woful death as that.
My Friends were butcher'd like ſo many Swine,
Which when within a mighty rich mans Hall
Numbers of men invited are to dine
At Wedding, or at Feaſt, are made to fall.
You very many men have ſeen to die
In ranged Battle, and in ſingle fight ;

But never felt ſuch pity certainly
As you had felt, had you but ſeen this ſight,
How we 'mongſt Tables on the ground did lye
That ran with blood. But my heart moſt did rue
To hear *Caſſandra*, *Priams* Daughter cry,
Whom cloſe beſide me *Clytemneſtra* ſlew.
Then though I were at the laſt gaſp, I try'd
If groaping I might finde my fallen Sword:
But the curſt woman puſh't it from my ſide.
I dy'd; to cloſe mine eyes ſhe'd not afford.
Nothing ſo cruel as a woman yet
Did Nature e're produce; a thought ſo ill
In any other breaſt did never ſit,
As her own loving Husbands blood to ſpill.
Yet this my Wife, to the Eternal ſhame
Of all the Sex, not only of the bad,
But ev'n of thoſe that have no evil Fame,
Betray'd my life, and of my death was glad.
Jove meant to *Atreus* Seed (ſaid I) great ſpight
By Woman-kinde. By *Hellen* firſt. At *Troy*
For her ſake many loſt their lives in fight,
And *Clytemneſtra* now did you betray.

There-

Therefore (ſaid *Agamemnon*) never truſt
A woman more, although ſhe be your own.
Tell her not all you think. Somewhat you muſt.
And ſomewhat keep t' your ſelf, to her unknown.
But you *Ulyſſes* need not fear your Wife,
Icarius Daughter, fair *Penelope*;
She loves you better then to take your life:
A Wife ſo wiſe will ſcorn diſloyalty.
When we for *Troy* ſet forth together, then
She gave ſuck to your Son; but he is grown
A man by this time, and takes place with men;
Is rich, and one day ſhall his Father own,
And he and you at home embrace each other.
But I was not allow'd my Son to ſee;
But was firſt murdered by his wicked Mother.
Now hear ye, If you will be rul'd by me,
Let no man know before-hand, when and where
You mean to land in *Ithaca*. Beware
Of ſuffering your Bark in ſight t' appear.
Remember ſtill, Women unfaithful are.
But tell me, have you nothing all this while
Heard of my Son *Oreſtes*? whether he

At *Sparta* with his Uncle be, or *Pyle*:
For dead he is not, I know certainly.
Alas (ſa'd I) *Atrides*, How ſhould I
That wand'ring was at Sea, hear any news
Whether alive or dead he be? or why
Should I with Tales uncertain you abuſe?
Diſcourſing thus, and weeping, there we ſtood,
When great *Achilles* Soul appear'd to us;
And with him alſo the two Spirits good
Of ſtout *Patroclus*, and *Antilochus*.
The Soul of *Ajax*, Son of *Telamon*,
Was alſo there, who 'mongſt thoſe Warriours tall
The goodlieſt perſon was, except the Son
Of *Peleus*, who did much excel them all.
Achilles drank, and preſently me knew,
And ſaid, *Ulyſſes*, what brought you to Hell?
What Plot upon the Dead you hither drew,
Where none but ſhades of wretched mortals dwell?
Achilles (ſaid I) I was forc't to come
T' inquire of th' Wizard, old *Tireſias*,
What the Fates ſay about my going home,
Whether or no, and how 'twill come to paſs.

For since I came from *Troy* I have not seen
Nor *Ithaca*, nor any *Grecian* shore :
For tost and croſt at Sea I still have been ;
But you are now as well as heretofore.
Like any God we honour'd you at *Troy*,
And here among the Ghosts you are obey'd.
Death hath not chang'd your state. You still enjoy
A Regal Power. To this *Achilles* said :
Talk not to me of Honour here in Hell ;
I'de rather serve a Clown on Earth for bread,
Then be of all things Incorporeal
That are, or ever shall be, Supreme Head.
But tell me of my Son *Neoptolemus*,
Whether he came to *Troy*, and how he fought ;
And of my aged Father *Peleus*,
Whether he keep his place, or be put out.
For since much time his vigour hath decay'd,
Some Foe, it may be, hath usurp't his place
In *Pthia*, and in *Hellas* where he sway'd,
And put him with his people in disgrace.
But were I now above, and strong as then
When for the *Greeks* I fought at *Ilium*,

d slew so many of their braveſt men,
And to my aged Fathers houſe ſhould come;
there I were, 'twould not be very long
Before I made ſome of their hearts to ake
at go about to do my Father wrong,
And would by force his Honour from him take.
hen he had done, I made him anſwer thus:
Concerning *Peleus* I can nothing ſay;
t of your Son, Stout *Neoptolemus*,
I know enough; 'twas I brought him to *Troy*
om *Scyros* Iſle. In Councel always he
Firſt ſpake his minde, and never ſpake but well.
ſtor, and I ſometimes, and only we
Th' advice he gave were able to refel.
fight he ſought no ſhelter in the throng,
But ever out he ran before the reſt,
ſhow his courage and his ſtrength among
Thoſe Foes that were in *Troy* eſteem'd the beſt.
e names of all he ſlew I cannot tell;
They are too many. But 'twas by his Sword
at Great *Eurypylus* in Battel fell,
Of all the *Trojan* Aids the goodli'ſt Lord,

Excepting *Memnon*. After, when we were
Within the Wooden Horſe conceal'd, and I
The power had of ord'ring all things there,
I never ſaw your Son to wipe his eye,
Or to wax pale, as many of us did.
He ever longed to be ſet on land
From out the hole in which we all lay hid;
And to his Hilt he often put his hand,
And often to his Spear. And when at laſt
We won and rifled had the Town of *Troy*,
He home into his Country ſafely paſt,
His ſhip well laden with his part o'th' prey.
And which is more, he came off ſafe and ſound,
Though *Mars* each way threw deaths and wounds about
Amongſt the crowd, he ne're receiv'd wound
Neither from them that ſhot, nor them that fought.
This ſaid, the ſwift *Achilles* Soul retir'd,
Strutting into the Mead of *Aſphodel*,
Proud of his Son, to hear what he deſir'd.
Then other grieved Souls their ſtories tell.
Only the Soul of *Ajax* ſtood off mute
And ſullen, becauſe I did from him bear

Achilles Armour in that ſad Diſpute,
Where *Pallas* and the *Trojans* Judges were.
I would I had not had that Victory,
Which coſt the life of him that was the moſt
Admir'd by all, for form and Chivalry,
Except *Achilles*, in the *Argive* Hoſt.
I gently to him ſpake. *Ajax*, ſaid I,
Forget that curſed Armour now at laſt;
And ſince you dead are, let your anger die:
For why, the Gods determin'd had to caſt
Thoſe Arms amongſt us for a puniſhment,
Offended with us, what e're was the matter,
And us'd them as an Engine, with intent
Our greateſt Tower, which was your ſelf, to batter.
For whom the *Argives* did lament no leſs
Then for *Achilles*, *Thetis* Son. Come nigh,
And hear what I can anſwer, and ſuppreſs
Your mighty heart a while. So ended I.
To this juſt nothing he reply'd, but went
Int' *Erebus* 'mongſt other Shadows dim;
Yet there, I think, he would have been content
To ſpeak to me, if I to ſpeak to him.

But I desired other Souls to see.
Then *Minos* there, the Son of *Jove*, I saw
With Golden Scepter, dealing Equity
To souls that stood, and sate to hear the Law.
Next after him I saw the Great *Orion*;
A mighty Club he carried in his hand;
And hunted the wilde Boar, and Bear, and Lyon,
Which when he lived he had kill'd on Land.
There also saw I *Titius*. He lay
Upon his back, stretch't out full acres nine.
He the fair *Leda* had upon the way
To *Pytho* injur'd; *Leda*, *Joves* Concubine.
Two Vultures on his breast, on each side one
Sate dipping of their Beaks into his Liver.
He stirreth not, but lets them still alone;
And thus devouring it, they stay for ever.
And *Tantalus* I saw up to the Chin
In water clear, and longing sore to drink;
But as he bow'd himself to take it in,
Some Devil always made the water sink.
Close o're his head hung pleasant Fruit, and ripe
Pears and Pomegranats, Olives, Apples, Figs;

Which ever when he ready was to gripe,
A ſudden winde ſtill whiskt away the Twigs.
And *Siſyphus* I ſaw, who 'gainſt the Hill
With hands and feet a heavy ſtone doth roll;
But when unto the top he brings it, ſtill
The naughty ſtone falls back into the hole.
Then to't he goes afreſh, with no leſs pain
He heaves and ſweats, and duſty is all o're;
And when 'tis up, he labour'd has in vain,
For ſtill it ſerves him as it did before.
Then *Hercules* I ſaw, I mean his Spright,
For he is with th' Immortal Gods above,
And taken has to Wife *Hebe* the bright,
Daughter of *Juno*, and of mighty *Jove*.
The Dead about him made a fearful cry,
Like frighted Fowl. A Golden Belt he wore
With wilde Beaſts wrought, & Slaughters cunningly,
The like ſhall never be, nor was before.
He ſaw, and knew me preſently, and ſpake;
Renown'd *Ulyſſes*, why left you the light?
Alas, were you conſtrain'd to undertake
This Task, as I was, by a meaner Wight?

Who, though *Joves* Son I was, did me constrain
Full many other labours t' undergo.
But he thought this would put me to most pain,
Th' Infernal Dog upon the Earth to shew.
I did it though, and drag'd him up to th' light,
By *Mercury*'s, and by *Athenas* aid.
Having thus said, he vanisht out of sight
'Mongst other Phantomes. But I still there staid,
Hoping more Hero's of th' old time to see;
And more had surely seen of Heav'nly Race,
Thesens, *Pirythous*, whom t'had pleased me,
If longer I had dar'd to keep my place.
For then, from out of Hell, with hideous cry,
Thousands of Souls about me gathered,
And frighted me; but most afraid was I,
Lest *Proserpine* should send out *Gorgons* Head.
Then went I to my Ship and Company,
And for a while our Oars at Sea we ply'd:
But after we were on the Main, then we
A fair Gale had, and past the Ocean wide.
Thence over th' Ocean back we come away, L. 12
And at the Isle *Æea* we arrive.

There

There are the Bowers of *Aurora* gay ;
There 'tis that *Phœbus* doth the day revive :
And there we disimbark upon the Sand,
And having slept a while, attend the day.
When day was come, my Fellows I command
To fetch *Elpenors* body dead away.
With wood from off a Promontory near,
Weeping, his body we to ashes burn
Together with his Arms, and th' earth we rear
(To be a Monument) upon his Urn ;
And on the same we fix his Oar upright.
These Ceremonies done, came the divine
Circe, that knew we landed were that night.
Her Maids brought to us bread, and meat, and w
And standing in the midst, Poor men (said she)
That come from Hell, and thither must again ;
Twice-mortals, take your food, and merry be
With flesh and lusty wine, forget your pain.
To morrow you shall sail again, and I
Will to you all your dangers open lay,
Lest you by some malicious subtilty,
By Land or Sea, should perish by the way.

This pleas'd us well, and all day long we ſate
Eating and drinking Wine, until 'twas dark,
And ſomewhat e're we ſaw it evening late,
My Mates lay down to ſleep beſide the Bark.
Then *Circe* led me by the hand aſide,
And askt me all that I had ſeen in Hell;
Nor any thing at all from her I hide.
'Tis well, ſaid ſhe. Now hear what I you tell.
Firſt you muſt paſs the *Sirens*, who invite
All Paſſengers that ſail before the place
To land. But whoſoever lands, that night
Of's Wife and Children ne're more ſees the face.
Theſe *Sirens* in a Meadow ſit and ſing,
Where dead mens bones in heaps about them lye
Rotting, and rivel'd skins lye ſcattering.
Paſs on, and their enchanting Muſick fly.
Command your Mates to tye you to the Maſt;
And that if you make ſignes to be ſet free,
They heed you not, but binde you ſtill more faſt,
That you alone may hear their melody.
Dam up your Fellows ears with chafed Wax.
When you are gotten out of hearing quite,

And have the *Sirens* far off at your backs,
Another danger ſoon will come in ſight.
Two ways there are; but which of them to take
I'le not adviſe you, both of them are naught.
Your ſelf upon the place your judgment make,
Of which I'le give you only a ſl ort draught.
Two Rocks there be that with inclining brow
Hang o're the Sea, which roaring runs between;
By th' name of Wanderers the Gods them know,
Becauſe in changed poſture they are ſeen.
Whereof the one does to ſuch height aſcend,
That never any Birds that way take wing,
Nor fearful Doves when they to Heaven tend,
Ambroſia to th' Immortal Gods to bring.
One of theſe Rocks doth vaniſh now and then,
But *Jove* ſtill ſets another in its ſtead.
This way ne're ſhip did ſafely carry mer,
But daſh'd was 'gainſt the Rocks, and periſhed.

Scylla *and* Charybdis *are not in the* Streights *between* Italy *and* Sicily, *as the Roman Poets make them, but in the paſſage from* Propontis *to* Euxine; *for the* Argonauts *paſſed by the whoſe way lay far from* Sicily.

The good ſhip *Argo* only paſs'd that way
To and from *Colchos* ſafely ; yet that too
Had periſh'd, but that *Juno* did convey
The ſame (for love ſhe bare to *Jaſon*) through.
The other rock unmov'd, with pointed head,
Pierceth the Clouds, and reaches to the Sky
In Winter, and in Summer's covered;
And wrapped up in Miſts perpetually.
Nor could a mortal man climb up unto't,
Although he were indu'd with twenty hands,
And with as many nimble feet to boot,
So ſmooth it is, and ſo upright it ſtands.
I'th' midſt o'th' Rock you'l ſee a Cavern dark
That looketh Weſtward. That way you muſt row.
The mouth o'th' Cave is more above your Bark
Then th' youngeſt man can ſhoot to with a Bow.
There 'tis that *Scylla* dwells and barks : her voice
Like to a Lyons Whelps voice is ; but ſhe
A mighty Monſter is ; 'twould not rejoyce
A God, much leſs a man her ſhape to ſee.
Twelve feet ſhe has in all, and ugly ones.
Six huge long necks ; and to each neck a head.

And

And in each head for teeth sh'has rows of bones,
And every row of them envenomed.
Half of her body in the Cave she hides;
But all her Heads she putteth out, and watches
For Dog-fish, Dolphins, and what Fish besides
The Sea affords, and Whales she sometimes catches.
Ne're did bold Sailer boast that pass'd that way,
That he had scaped safely by her Den;
Or that a mouth of hers did want its prey,
But from him snatch'd away some of his men.
The Rock that's opposite is not so high,
But there the passage is exceeding narrow.
For you, *Ulysses*, if you please to try,
From side to side can eas'ly shoot an Arrow.
Out of this Rock grows a great Sycamore,
Under the which *Charybdis* hidden lyes,
And suddenly the water does devour,
And suddenly again she makes it rise.
Thrice in a day the water rises high,
And thrice a day again the same doth fall.
But when it falls, take heed you be not nigh;
Keep *Scylla*-side; better loose six then all.

When

When ſhe had made an end : Goddeſs, ſaid I,
Tell me I pray you when I have got free
From th' evil which *Charybdis* means me, why
On *Scylla* I may not avenged be.
Fie, fie, quoth ſhe, are you at fighting ſtill ?
Dare you againſt the Gods oppoſe your might ?
For *Scylla* is an everlaſting ill.
Row on apace, and ſave your ſelves by flight.
'Gainſt ſuch a Monſter remedy there's none,
But row as faſt as e're you can away.
For if you ſtay to put your Armour on,
She'll ſtoop again, and take another prey.
Row ſwiftly on, and to *Cratais* cry,
That in her Belly the foul Monſter bore,
And ſhe will keep her in as you go by,
That ſhe ſhall not aſſault you any more.
Next at *Thrinacia*-Iſle you ſhall arrive,
Where feed the Suns broad-horned Kine & ſhee
Sev'n Herds there be, in each one ten times five,
As many Flocks, which *Sols* two Daughters keep
Phætuſa and *Lampetio* Divine ;
Their M[illegible] was *Neæra* that did bear

And bring them up, and to them did assigne
The keeping of their Fathers Cattle there.
These if you suffer quietly to feed,
You shall get home again, though with some pain;
But if you hurt them, know it is decreed
Your ship and men shall perish in the Main.
And though your self you save, your ship you'l loose,
And Mates, and in your passage finde delay.
This said, the Rosie-finger'd morning rose,
And *Circe* up the Island went her way.
But I went to my Ship, and call'd my Crew
To come aboard. Aboard they quickly come,
And sitting each man in his order due,
With stroak of Oars they make the grey Sea foam.
The Goddess *Circe* also was so kinde,
As when we were gone off, and sails had spread,
To fill them with a favourable winde.
So sate we while the Steers-man governed.
Then to my Mates with heavy heart I spake:
Not one or two of you alone must hear
What *Circe* said, but all, that you may take
Your own advice, since 'tis a common fear.

You

You muſt not hear the *Sirens* melody,
But row with all your might till we be paſt.
To me alone ſhe gives that liberty,
But ſo as firſt you binde me to the Maſt.
Binde me you muſt upright both hand and foot,
And ſo as I may not the knot unknit:
And if I wink upon you to undo't,
Then take more Cord and binde me faſter yet.
Whilſt I my Fellows thus informing ſtood,
The Iſland of the *Sirens* came in ſight:
For nimble was our ſhip, and the winde good;
But ſuddenly we were becalmed quite.
Some *Dæmon* ſure had laid the Waves aſleep.
Then took we in our Sails, and laid them by,
And with our Oars in hand provokt the Deep;
And in a milky path we forward ply.
Then from a Ball of Wax I pinch a bit,
Chafe it, and into th' ears of one it put;
And ſo to all in order as they ſit.
Which ſoon was done, the weather being hot.
Then ſtreight they riſe and binde me to the Maſt
At th' arms and feet: the knot behinde they ty

And then upon their ſeats themſelves they plac'd,
And row'd till to the Iſland we were nigh.
When to the Iſland we were come ſo nigh,
As that a man that hollows may be heard,
The *Sirens* knowing when we ſhould come by,
Had tun'd themſelves, and had their Song prepar'd.
Come, come, much prais'd *Ulyſſes*, come away,
The brighteſt glory of the *Greeks* come near:
No mortal man did ever come this way,
That did not to our Muſick lend an ear.
Delight they found, and wiſdom carried hence.
Stay, ſtay your good black ſhip, forbear a while
To beat the Sea; pleaſe and inform your ſenſe.
Come, diſimbark your ſelves upon our Iſle.
We know what ſeats of Arms were done at *Troy*
Between the *Greeks* and *Trojans* all along.
We know what's done on th' whole earth every day.
Come, come a-land, and liſten to our Song.
And this they ſung with ſo much harmony
And ſweetneſs in their voices, that I fain
Would have recovered my liberty,
And to them winkt, to be ſet looſe again.

But

But 'twould not be. My Mates regard my words,
And not my winks, and ſit ſtill at the Oar.
Eurylochus and *Perimede* bring Cords,
And binde me harder then they did before.
When we had left the *Sirens* at our backs
So far as not to hear them any more,
My Fellows from their Ears pull out the Wax,
And me unto my liberty reſtore.
We had not ſailed far, when there appear'd
An angry Sea before us all in ſmoke;
And thumping of the mighty Waves, we heard
Upon the ſtubborn Rocks at every ſtroke.
Beſides, the Sea ſo mighty loud did roar,
As with one diſmal Hum it fill'd the Ear,
And made my Mates each one let fall his Oar,
So much their ſenſes were benum'd with fear.
Still ſtood the Bark. Then I among them go
With gentle words, new courage to convey
Into their failing hearts, to make them row;
And paſſing by, to every one I ſay:
My Friends, we all have many dangers paſt,
And greater much then what we now do fear.

Reme

Remember how from *Polyphemus* vaſt
By my good conduct we deliver'd were.
I do not doubt but you remember it.
My counſel therefore alſo now obey.
Row cloſe along the ſhore, the Gods may yet
Deliver us, but by no other way.
But you that have the guiding of the ſhip,
Steers-man, to you I ſpeak, mark what I ſay,
Steer her without the ſmoke; for if ſhe ſlip
Aſide, though little, we are caſt away.
This ſaid, my Fellows ſpeedily obey'd.
Of th' Monſter *Scylla* not a word I told;
Leſt they ſhould throw away their Oars, diſmay'd,
And for their ſhelter run into the Hold.
But *Circe*'s counſel I had quite forgot.
I arm'd my ſelf, and took into my hand
Two Spears, though ſhe expreſly had ſaid not;
And looking upwards, at the head I ſtand.
But ſhe appeared not. I look'd ſo high
And long upon the hideous Rock, my ſight
Began to fail, and now we were cloſe by
That diſmal ſtreight, which doth us all affright.

Here *Scylla* ſtands, and the *Charybdis* dire
L'es vomiting the Sea, which ſings and dances
Like water in a Kettle o're the fire,
And vapours to the higheſt Rocks advances.
But when the Sea it ſucketh in again,
It ſounds like Thunder in the hollow ſtone,
And we could ſee the bottom very plain;
Sandy it was, and black to look upon.
Whilſt we our eyes upon *Charybdis* fix,
And ſtand amazed at the horrid ſight,
Suddenly *Scylla* ſtoopt, and ſnatch'd up ſix
Of the beſt men I had to row or fight.
I from the ſhip that never ſtir'd my eye,
Soon ſaw their ſprauling arms and legs i'th' air,
And heard them lamentably to me cry,
And name me in their uttermoſt deſpair.
As Fiſhers in a Horn mix fraud and food,
And from the bank at th' end of a long Wand,
To catch the Fry caſt it into the Flood;
Then pluck them up, and throw them on the land
So lifted were my Mates. Of my miſhaps
This was the ſaddeſt I did ever ſee,

Whe

When she my men cham'd in her ugly Chaps,
Roaring and holding out their hands to me.
From *Scylla* we unto the Iſland row
Where feed ng were *Sols* ſacred Sheep and Kine.
Before we landed I could hear them low;
Which brought into my minde the Propheſie
Of old *Tireſias* the *Theban* Bard,
That counſel'd me this Iſland for to ſhun:
Of *Circe* alſo I like counſel heard,
And not to land i'th' Iſland of the *Sun*.
Then ſpeaking to my Fellows, Friends, ſaid I,
This Iſland ſacred is to *Sol*; this place
Tireſias and *Circe* both bid fly,
And not to diſimbark in any caſe.
For if we do, for certain they declare
The greateſt miſchief that e're men befell:
Therefore keep out to Seaward, and beware
Of landing here, and then we ſhall be well.
But then *Eurylochus* to me began:
You have, *Ulyſſes*, a hard heart, quoth he;
There is no labour but you bear it can;
Your limbs of ſtubborn ſteel compoſed be.

But you conſider not your Mates are tyr'd
With their continual tugging at the Oar,
And that refreſhment is and ſleep requir'd,
Which is not to be had but on the ſhore.
But you would have us wander in the night,
When in the night the greateſt windes ariſe,
The bane of ſhips; and when depriv'd of light,
To ſave our ſelves we can no way deviſe.
What if great windes ſhould blow from *South* or *Weſt*,
Which often happens, though their King not know
Or not conſent? Therefore I think it beſt
To night to ſup aſhore, to morrow row.
So ſaid *Eurylochus*, and was commended
By all my Mates: and preſently I knew
One *Dæmon* or another had intended
To ruine me, together with my Crew.
Then ſaid I to *Eurylochus*,' Twere vain
To ſtrive againſt ſo many men alone.
But you ſhall take an Oath that you'l abſtain
From hurting of the Cattle of the Sun.
Of *Circe*'s meat ther's left us yet good ſtore.
This ſaid, they took the Oath; which having done,

They

ey put into the Harbour, and aſhore
They ſup. And when their hunger now was gone,
eir Mates remembring that in th' hollow Rock
By th' monſter *Scylla* were devour'd, they weep
nd wail, and with their hands they knock
Their breaſts, and in that poſture fell aſleep.
e Stars had climb'd a third part of the Sky,
When with a Whirl-winde *Jove* together fetcht
e Clouds from ev'ry part, and ſuddenly
On Sea and Land a diſmal night was ſtretcht.
nd when the Roſie-finger'd morning came,
Our ſhip we to a hollow Cave advance,
herein the Sea-Nymphs Seats and Couches have,
And where they are accuſtomed to dance.
ither I call'd my mates, and ſaid again :
Friends, we have meat and drink aboard, be wiſe,
nd from the Herds and Flocks of *Sol* abſtain,
Who heareth all we ſay, and all eſpies.
o this did my Companions all aſſent.
But for a moneth there blew no other winde
hen *South* and *Eaſt* ; ſo that we there were pent
I'th' Iſland longer then we had deſign'd.

My

My mates, whilſt they had bread and meat aboard,
Forbore to meddle with the Sacred Kine:
And ſetch'd in what the Iſland did afford
Of Fiſh and Fowl, to have wherewith to dine.
Up I into the Iſland went aſide,
The Conduct of th' Immortal Gods t' implore,
That ſome of them 'twould pleaſe to be my Guide,
And me unto my Country to reſtore.
And in a place defended from the Winde
I waſh'd my hands; and then with tears and ſighs
Before the Gods I poured out my minde,
And they a ſweet ſleep poured on my eyes.
Mean time *Eurylochus* bad counſel gives
To his Companions. All deaths, quoth he,
Are hateful to what thing ſoever lives:
But death by hunger is the worſt can be.
Let's kill ſome of the fatteſt of theſe Cows,
And ſacrifice unto the Gods on high;
And to appeaſe the *Sun*, let's all make Vows
To build a Temple to his Deity
Enrich'd with Gifts. If not content with this,
For a few Cows diſpleas'd he ſeek our death,

For once to gape and die, far better 'tis,
Then ſtrive with hunger till we looſe our breath.
This ſaid, my Fellows all his counſel take,
And chaſe *Sols* ſacred Herds that graz'd hard by;
And then for recompence their Vows they make
To build a Temple to his Deity.
But when they made their Vows, Chaplets they wear
Of tender leaves pluckt from the ſpreading Oak.
White Barley they had none, the which men bear,
When in their danger they the Gods invoke.
After the Vow perform'd, the Kine they flay,
And take their thighs and cover them with fat;
And one of them upon the other lay,
To burn upon the Altar. After that,
Their Offering of Drink they pour'd upon
The Altar, as the Sacrifice they burn.
It ought t' have been of wine; but having none,
They pour'd on water fair, which ſerv'd the turn.
When th' Entrails by my Fellows eaten were,
And fire conſumed had the Sacrifice,
The reſt they roaſt on Spits, and made good chear.
Juſt then it was that ſleep forſook my eyes.

And back again I walk'd down tow'rds the ſhore.
But coming near, perceiv'd the vapour riſe
Of roaſted meat. Then to the Gods I roar,
You give me ſleep, and take away my life;
So ſtrange a thing my Mates the while have done.
Swiftly *Lampetio* to Heav'n flies,
And carries up the news unto the *Sun*.
The *Sun* in choler all the Gods defies,
Unleſs they right him of this injury.
Jove Father, and you other Powers Divine,
Revenge me of *Ulyſſes* Company
That have ſo inſolently ſlain my Kine.
It was my joy to ſee them in the Morn,
And in the Evening, e're I went to bed.
Revenge me, O ye Gods! of this their ſcorn,
Or I'le go down to Hell and light the Dead.
No *Phœbus* (anſwer'd *Jove*) hold up your light
For Gods and mortal men to ſee their way.
As for the men that did you this deſpight,
Their ſhip at Sea with Lightning I'le deſtroy.
At this diſcourſe in Heaven was *Hermes* by,
And heard his Father make this ſad Decree:

And he again told all this Hiſtory
To th' fair *Calypſa*, and ſhe told it me.
When to my Fellows I was come, I rate
Them all full bitterly, and one by one;
But all in vain, for now it was too late:
The Gods by Signes deteſted what was done.
The skins did creep, the fleſh o'th' Spits did low,
Both raw and roaſt. Six days in th' Iſle we ſtaid
Feaſting on *Phœbus* Kine, the ſeventh we row;
For then the fury of the winde was laid.
When we were out at Sea we fix our Maſt,
And up into the winde our Sails we draw,
And had the Iſle ſo far behinde us caſt,
That nothing elſe but Sky and Sea we ſaw.
Then *Jove*, when far from Land he ſaw our ſhip,
Juſt over it a diſmal black Cloud hung,
Which made it dark as night upon the Deep;
And then our good ſhip run not very long.
For preſently from *weſt* a ſudden blaſt
Came roaring in, and vehemently ſtrains
And breaks the Cordage that upheld the Maſt;
Which falling down, beats out the Steerers brains.

He drops into the Sea. The Maſt hangs o're
At Stern. The Yards lye croſs the ſink.
And all the while both Heaven and Sea did roar
With thunder loud, which made our hearts to ſhrink
And by and by into the ſhip *Jove* threw
His Thunder-bolt, which whirl'd it round about.
It ſmelt of Sulphur rank; and all my Crew
Into the Sea it ſuddenly threw out.
They like to Gulls from wave to wave were born,
But I kept ſtill aboard, till at the laſt
The Rudder from a-ſtern the ſhip was torn,
And fell into the Sea, and with't the Maſt.
The Maſt had hanging on it broken Ropes,
Wherewith I bound them both together faſt,
And ſate upon them as my lateſt hopes,
Until the fury of the Storm was paſt.
The Storm now laid, th' wind came about to th' *South*
And carri'd me before it, till the *Sun*
Next morning roſe; and then we were i'th' mouth
Of dire *Charybdis*, juſt when ſhe begun
To ſwallow up the Sea. Then up leapt I,
And on the ſpreading Sycamore laid hold.

But to't I could not climb; the boughs ſo high
I could not reach: And far off was the roon.
There by the hands I hung, expecting when
Charybdis ſhould caſt up the Sea, and bring
The Rudder and the Maſt to th' top agen.
Mean while, in th' Air I patiently ſwing.
What time the Judge ariſeth from his ſeat,
Ending the brabbles of contentious men,
And all come weary home to take their meat,
Then came my Maſt and Rudder up agen.
And I into the Sea cloſe by them drop.
Then having ſoon recover'd them, again.....
I place my ſelf a-ſtride, once more, a-top;
And with my hands I rowed on the Main.
If *Scylla* this had ſeen, undoubtedly
I had been loſt. But 'twas the grace of *Jove*,
That all this while ſhe did not me eſpy,
But kept her ſelf retir'd i'th' Rock above.
Thus wandred I at Sea nine days out-right.
O'th' tenth at night the Gods brought me to land
In th' Iſle *Ogygia*, where *Calypſo* bright
Receiv'd me with a charitable hand.

But how ſhe treated me, I need not ſay ;
You and the Queen already know it well,
From the Relation I made yeſterday ;
Nor do I love the ſame Tale twice to tell.

FINIS.